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The Bible on the Sea.

While thousands of copies of the Bible are going to sea; and while thousands of seamen are made wiser and better thereby, it is feared that too many use the volume simply as a cabin ornament, or keep it in their chests as a memento of affection presented by some friend on shore. Some may neglect it for the want of evidence—having never carefully sought it—of its divine origin:—others for the want of interest in its sublime revelations, in the doctrines it teaches and the duties it enjoins:—others from the impression that it is a sort of grave-yard book especially adapted to the timid or those who are about to die; and others because it exposes and condemns their sins and alarms their fears. Be the cause of neglect what it may, this Book claims to be a Revelation of doctrine, duty and destiny from God; it brings credentials of its authenticity and genuineness ample and undeniable; it comes to the seaman to guide him into the desired haven, and claims the earnest

attentions of his mind, and the warm affections of his heart. It has received both from multitudes of the distinguished dead and living; some of whose examples and sentiments are commended to the imitation and reception of seafaring men.

We purposely select the names of laymen from different pursuits of secular life, and whose calling cannot be supposed to have influenced the formation or expression of their sentiments.

JOHN LOCKE—BORN 1632.

“That the Holy Scriptures are one of the greatest blessings which God bestows upon the sons of men, is generally acknowledged by all who know any thing of the value and worth of them. In them the Lord hath dilucdly displayed that counsel of his will that is of infinite concernment to us to understand, in order to our present being accepted of him here, and at last brought to the fullest enjoyment of himself in glory. 'Tis wonderful to behold, how full and perfect this word is with respect to this end: what can man desire to know, which is necessary hereunto, that the light thereof discovers not? What direction can he expect, by which he

may be fortified against all enemies of his good, either within or without him, that is not there given? What encouragements would he have, which are not therein displayed before him? And what cavils can be brought against any part of truth contained therein, to which they themselves yield not a full resolve, one place of Scripture so exactly clearing, expounding, and illustrating another? Yet, to amazement, it is observed, that man, who is so highly and principally concerned in it, doth too little value it: he can weary himself in any secular affair, but diligently to search the Scriptures according to our Lord's advice, is to him tedious and burdensome."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON—BORN 1642.

"We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy.

"I find more sure marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever."

JOSEPH ADDISON—BORN 1672.

"The Scriptures are full of pathetic and warm pictures of the condition of an happy or miserable futurity; and I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to an happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties which he before suffered in shunning the allurements of vice, absorbed in pleasure he will take in pursuit of virtue; and how happy must that mortal be, who thinks himself in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to desire."

SIR WILLIAM JONES—BORN 1748.

"But I cannot refrain from adding, that the collection of tracts, which we call, from their excellence, the Scriptures, contain, independently of a divine origin, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected from all other books that were ever composed in any age or in any idiom. The two parts of which the Scriptures consist are connected by a chain of com-

positions, which bear no resemblance, in form of style, to any that can be produced from the stores of Grecian, Indian, Persian, or even Arabian learning; the antiquity of these compositions, no man doubts; and the unrestrained application of them to events long subsequent to their publication is a solid ground of belief that they were genuine productions, and consequently inspired."

DYING WORDS OF WILBERFORCE.

"Read the Bible—read the Bible! Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and my acquaintance with the experience and realities of religion, have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible."

CHANCELLOR KENT.

In an Address before the American Bible Society.

"The Bible is equally adapted to the wants and infirmities of every human being. It is the vehicle of the most awful truths, and which are at the same time of universal application, and accompanied by the most efficacious sanctions. No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically to the judgment and moral sense of mankind. It contains the most sublime and fearful displays of the attributes of that perfect Being who inhabiteth eternity, and pervades and governs the universe. It brings life and immortality to light, which, until the publication of the Gospel, were hidden from the scrutiny of ages. This gracious revelation of a future state is calculated to solve the mysteries of Providence in the dispensations of this life, to reconcile us to the inequalities of our present condition, and to inspire unconquerable fortitude and the most animating consolation when all other consolations fail; in the

midst of the abodes of age, disease and sorrow, and under the pressure of the sharpest pangs of human misery. The Bible also unfolds the origin and the deep foundations of depravity and guilt, and the means and the hopes of salvation through the mediation of the Redeemer. Its doctrines, its discoveries, its code of morals, and its means of grace, are not only overwhelming evidence of its divine origin, but they confound the pretensions of all other systems, by showing the narrow range and the feeble efforts of human reason, even when under the sway of the most exalted understanding, and enlightened by the accumulated treasures of science and learning."

GENERAL TAYLOR.

A Bible, beautifully bound with the Constitution of the United States, was presented to General Taylor by the ladies of Frankfort. He replied as follows:

"I accept with gratitude and pleasure your gift of this inestimable Volume. It was for the love of the truths of this great and good book that our fathers abandoned their native shores for the wilderness. Animated by its lofty principles, they toiled and suffered till the desert blossomed as the rose. These same truths sustained them in their resolution to become a free nation; and guided by the wisdom of this book, they founded a government, under which we have grown from three millions to more than twenty millions of people, and from being but as a stock on the borders of this Continent, we have spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I trust that their principles of liberty may extend, if without bloodshed, from the northern to the southern extremities of the continent. If there were in that book nothing but its great precept, 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them;' and if that precept were obeyed, our government might extend over the whole continent. Accept, sir, my sincere thanks for the kind manner in which you have discharged this duty; and expressing again my sincere thanks

to the ladies for their beautiful gift, I pray that health, peace, and prosperity may long be continued to them.

HON. JOHN C. HORNBLOWER,
late Chief Justice of New Jersey.

"Let this precious Volume have its proper influence on the hearts of men, and our liberties are safe, our country blessed, and the world happy. There is not a tie that unites us to our families, not a virtue that endears us to our country, nor a hope that thrills your bosoms in the prospect of future happiness, that has not its foundation in this sacred Book. It is the charter of charters—the palladium of liberty—the standard of righteousness. Its divine influence can soften the heart of the tyrant—can break the rod of the oppressor, and exalt the humblest peasant to the dignified rank of an immortal being—an heir of eternal glory. Fellow citizens—friends of liberty! will you not rejoice, then, with me, in the triumphs of the Bible, and bless the day that gave to our country a Society, whose benevolent object is to extend the influence of the Scriptures throughout the world?"

HON. T. PRELINGHUYSEN,
*late U. S. Senator from New Jersey
now President of Rutgers College*

"Whence has sprung this redeeming spirit that has already borne its blessings to every clime? that floats in the Bethel flag; penetrates the gloom of the prison; that soothes the orphan's cry and pleads the cause of the widow; that opens the stores of thought and memory to the long bound intellects of the deaf and dumb; that is now closing the door of the dram-shop—that broad and crowded gateway to death and despair—and is sounding the alarm, and concentrating the efforts of the wise and good, in view of the Sabbath's profanation?"

"The Bible has done all, sir. Seal up this one volume, and in half a century all these hopes would wither, and these prospects perish for ever. These sacred temples would crumble, or become the receptacles of pollution and crime."

HON. EDWARD EVERETT,
*of the United States Senate, and
 late Secretary of State.*

"Grotius, the great founder of our modern science of international law, was a most assiduous student of the Bible. His commentary upon the Old and New Testament, pronounced by Liebnitz the best work of its class, is, as far as I may venture to give an opinion on such a subject, still entitled to that praise. I do not, of course, refer to his exposition of a few contested doctrinal texts, but to the learning, ingenuity and good sense with which he illustrates the whole body of Scripture. He was a profoundly religious man. The foundations of his immortal treatise on the Law of Nations are laid in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament; and the original conception of the work was in the genuine spirit of Christian philanthropy. His golden treatise on the truth of the Christian religion was intended by him as a manual for his adventurous fellow citizens, then just engaging in the trade with the East; by the aid of which they might scatter the seeds of sacred truth on distant and heathen shores. That it might be the more easily remembered he wrote it in verse, and in his native language, (the Dutch,) at a time when all treatises of this kind were composed in Latin.

I scarce know of a more beautiful illustration of the adaptation of the religion of the Bible to the purposes of active life, than is thus afforded by this model Christian statesman, who, on the one hand, continually fortifies the maxima of the public law by Scripture authority; and, on the other hand, composed a treatise on the evidences of Christianity, to be used by his sea-faring countrymen in their voyages to remote regions."

COMMODORE SKINNER,
United States Navy.

"I am asked my sentiments as to the value of the Sacred Scriptures, and their bearing on civil and social life. It affords me heartfelt pleasure to bear my feeble testimony to their blessed influence on communities and

individuals by whom they are received and embraced as a revelation by God to man, of himself, his attributes, and his will; teaching man his duty to his Creator and to his fellow-men; admonishing him of his weakness and helplessness; pointing out the only source from which he can derive help, and graciously promising to bestow it on all who call upon him in truth. They also teach, that to derive all the benefit which God designed to bestow in revealing himself to his fallen creatures, man, on his part, must strive to do God's will. Let man do this, and he will know whether the Bible is the Word of God or a cunningly devised fable. Men of any experience and observation must have seen those who have been reclaimed from a profane and immoral course of conduct, to sobriety, truth, piety, and happiness, by studying and obeying the Sacred Oracles of eternal truth. Nor do I believe there can be any solid happiness in this world, or the world to come, unless derived from that holy religion contained in the Sacred Volume. Observation shows us, that men in the enjoyment of health may smother conscience, and sneer at religion in fancied security; but when the hour of death arrives, the honest hour, the world receding, and all the props on which he leaned for support are falling round him, how changed is the scene then; how bitterly he laments that he neglected to call on God when he was near, and did not seek him when he was to be found. We have all seen such things; and yet how many are pursuing the same course, deterred by the jeers of the ungodly from closing with the offers of salvation contained in the Bible. Let all such remember that the hour of death will come; and that an everlasting separation will take place between those who served God, and those who served him not."

The Nautical Magazine,

We have just received the first Number of this practical work, issued monthly, at \$5 per annum, by Messrs. Griffiths & Bates, 79 John St., New York. "Its proprietors have not

hesitated to launch forth upon the enterprize of applying the pen and pencil to the cultivation of marine architecture in the United States." It proposes to do for nautical mechanism what the *Sailor's Magazine* attempts for nautical morals; so that the improved sailor may have an improved ship, and so that the interests of all connected therewith may be essentially promoted.

The recent improvements in ship-building and navigation have awakened an honorable competition for the mastery of the seas. Art and Science have combined their energies in the production of results which have awakened an intense interest for still greater achievements. And as no discovered limits of improvement either in making or sailing ships are in sight, we confidently expect such achievements. We hail therefore a work *designed*, by communicating information, and enlisting the best talent, to promote the interests of commerce and of man.

P. S. Certain expressions in the work, such as "Genius of infinitude"—"Orbit of physical labor"—"Fulcrum of enduring progress"—"Voice of Nature speaking through the mirror of God's infinity"—"When atmospheric gales walk furiously abroad on the beams of his balances, gravity, guarding with jealous hand the equilibrium of the jewelled sea, siezes its columns by the base and hurls the avalanchan wave in oscillating fury over the vast field of elemental war"—are to us, like some portions of the sea, *unfathomable*.

The nature of an oath.

A Sailor in Court being asked if he understood the nature of an oath, replied, "I ought to, for I have sailed with Capt. B. more than ten years!"

After so long tuition he probably did understand something of the meanness and wickedness of taking the name of the Lord in vain; if he did not the nature of a solemn appeal to the Almighty to witness the truth of what he should say, and to execute vengeance on him if he should utter falsehood. *Ought to understand.* If we had the ear of a swearing Captain, or Officer, or sailor, we would remind him that, *Because of swearing the land mourneth.* Jer. 23: 10:—that, *Every one that sweareth shall be cut off.* Zech. 5: 3:—that *the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.* Exod. 20: 7.

Mastery of our Habits.

Few of us are conscious of the extent to which we are creatures of habit. It is a mysterious law of our nature that what we continue to do repeatedly we come to do with facility and with pleasure. It is by habit the machine of the body is balanced and projected forward in the exercise of walking with so much ease. It is by habit that we are able to use the vocal organs, the throat, the tongue, the lips, with such incredible agility in speaking. That which was difficult becomes easy, that which was easy pleasant, through the force of habit; and often that which was pleasant becomes necessary to us, so that we can avoid it only by a struggle as against nature herself. Thence the proverb that custom is a second nature. It is so; or rather, it is nature herself in a new manifestation.

This law of habit is evidently a very important one in the human economy. Turned to a right account it assists labor, it promotes order, it advances study, it guards morals, it cherishes piety. Neglected or perverted it becomes a mighty source of evil. It multiplies and perpetuates indefinitely the errors of our conduct. It is therefore the part of wisdom to guard strictly the formation of habits in ourselves and those committed to

us. Nor can any person be considered safe whose habits are left to form themselves at random.

But how can habits be controlled? If a man have formed evil habits how can he obtain the mastery of them? He that knows nothing of this struggle must be more or less than a common man. The difficulty in overcoming evil habits lies much in two causes. First, their mighty energy, which operates to bear down whatever would oppose it, and if resisted continues in activity through a long course of time. The feeblest resolution must resist sometimes. Most of us could bear almost anything for a while. But here the effort must be made, and constantly sustained, and long continued, against the solicitations and urgencies of a power within us, almost as strong as our very nature itself. Take the man who has learned to love ardent spirits.—He must resist the desire, there must be no remission, and the struggle must be maintained through days and weeks, before he comes into liberty. The pining thirst haunts him by day and by night; company or solitude, joy or grief, the vexations of business, the pressure of labor, the vanity of idleness, all become so many temptations; and though he may have resisted strenuously and long, it will be well if he does not fall at last. And every fall will tend to break his moral firmness, while the habit goes on increasing.

The other cause of difficulty to which we refer, is the power of habits to recover themselves after we had thought them subdued. A single glass, to which it may be he was invited by a friend, has turned many a man to drunkenness, and sent him swiftly to ruin. And this is the reason why we scarcely ever feel any man to be safe who has ever formed the love of spirits. He may refuse them now, he may honestly reject them, he may abhor the idea of being a regular drinker; but who can be sure that he will never falter, who can be sure the viper in his bosom will never spring to life, and entwine him in his coils?

There is one way to obtain the

mastery of our habits. It is to reverse the process by which they were formed. If you have been using spirits, use them no more. Cease to taste them, to look at them, to think about them. Go not where they are. If they are around you, go away from them. If you think all this is not necessary; if you think it is not absolutely necessary that you should let them alone, it is an evidence that you are yet under the influence of the habit; and we fear you will go on deceiving yourselves, as others are deceived to your ruin.

The principle of habit assumes a fearful importance in our fallen state. It adds a mighty energy to evil.—Under the influence of grace, however, it becomes an instrument of good. When a man is led into the right way, when his mind, and conscience, and heart, habitually follow the leadings of the gospel, then will he find his course more and more pleasant, and his power of usefulness daily increasing. This law of his nature will be sanctified to advance and confirm him in the heavenly character.—*Due West Telescope.*

The look-out at Masthead.

The steamer Asia had a narrow escape on one of her summer trips, from a huge iceberg on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Going at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour, "she had just entered one of those heavy clouds which lie on the surface of the ocean, indicating the presence of a berg, when the look-out at the fore-topmast-head sung out at the top of his voice, 'Iceberg! hard a-starboard!' Quick as thought the helm obeyed the warning, and the ship took a short sheer to port. Instantly the towering mountain of ice with its cloud-piercing turrets loomed in terrific grandeur over the ship's starboard bow. 'Meet her,' roared the captain, and port went the helm. The counter motion barely cleared the wheel-house and stern of the ship from the iceberg, and the danger was past. A united scream from the timid rung through the ship. The stout-hearted stood motionless and awe-stricken; and even the ship her-

self almost seemed to be sensible of the providence which saved her and her freight of living hundreds from destruction, for her motion ceased and she stood as if paralyzed by the fright. Had the eyes of the look-out been diverted a single moment, had he hesitated to give the alarm but for a minute, or had the ship been less obedient to her helm, nothing could have saved a soul on board, and the fate of the *Asia* would have been as profound a mystery as that of the President.

Few can read this thrilling account without emotion. What, under God, saved this noble steamer? The quick eye, the instant warning, the obedient helm. These were the instrumentalities of safety. And as we dwell upon the circumstances, the mind instinctively turns to those moral icebergs that are sweeping down the currents of society, clouding the atmosphere, and crushing many a noble spirit by their terrible might.

A young man is steaming on his way in prosperous business. Every thing looks safe. But has he a look-out at the fore-topmast-head? Clouds gather round. Danger is on his track. Hark! a voice from the masthead: "Useless expenses! failure! fraud! hard a-starboard!" Quick as thought does the young man obey the warning? As ruin looms in terrific grandeur over his starboard bow, does he make a short sheer to port?

A young man has left his early home, and with a strong and buoyant spirit, is dashing over the ocean of life. Sunshine is overhead. Favoring winds swell his sails. But has he a look-out at the mast-head? He enters the heavy clouds which sometimes lie on the bosom of life's troubled waters. Are they not tokens of hidden peril? Hark! a voice at the masthead: "Profligate companions! drinking, dissoluteness, death! hard a-starboard!" Quick as thought does the young man obey the warning? And as vice looms in terrific wildness over his starboard bow, does he make a short sheer to port?

A young man has embarked on life's sea freighted with eternal hopes. The word of God seems to be his chart, faith his compass, and the

obedient will at the helm. The prayers of pious friends go with him. God's people watch his course with grateful joy. The sun of righteousness seems to illumine his path by day, the Star of Bethlehem by night: all seems well with him. But has he a look-out at the masthead? There is a change in the spiritual atmosphere. A chill and cloud envelope his way. Unseen danger lurks on his track. Hark! the voice of warning: "Prayerless days, broken vows, profaned Sabbath's! hard a-starboard!" Quick as thought does he obey the warning? And as "lost character" looms in terrific boldness over his starboard bow, does he make a short sheer to port? If the eye is diverted, if there is hesitation in giving the alarm, if there is less obedience at the helm, nothing but a miracle of grace can save that soul from shipwrecked hopes and a lost eternity. Young men, have you a good look-out at your masthead!

Child's Paper. H. C. K.

From a report just made to the Secretary of the Treasury, it appears that from January 1 to June 15, 1854, there were sixty-four steamboat disasters, involving a loss of \$2,274,442 and five hundred and forty-eight lives. Of this number ten have been from collisions, with a loss of \$104,000 and twenty lives; eight of these were fitted up according to the law of 1832, and two of them not under the law. These cases are all supposed to have been from negligence and inattention. Eighteen boats have been destroyed by fire, with a loss of \$1,480,500, and one hundred and forty-one lives; these are all supposed to have been accidental except two. Much the larger number of accidents were produced by snags, there having been twenty-three boats thus lost, with a destruction of property to the amount of \$270,000. The *San Francisco* was foundered at sea with a loss of two hundred lives, and property to the amount of about \$300,000. Of explosions there have been eight. Two of the boats had been inspected according to the law of 1852; the loss of property was \$67,500, and in lives one hundred and twelve.

Extraordinary Ghost Story.

Most ghost stories are only foolish and laughable, but this one is certainly melancholy in the extreme.

Within the past year the people of a village in a western State became greatly excited by the alleged nightly appearance of a ghost in the village grave-yard. Few of them, indeed, had dared to see it; but some had; and they, without making too familiar with it, had seen it come and go, walk about, seat itself, &c; and the statements of those were too well authenticated to be disregarded. What the few saw the many believed; and the whole community soon became exercised upon the subject of this strange nightly visitation to the graves of the dead. Of course the ghost was in the usual grave clothes, in which, so far as we know, ghosts always appear; and it was entirely regular in its hours—always arriving among the tombs just at midnight, and leaving at near early dawn. It had often been seen to come and go, passing over fences in its course; but no one had learned whence it came or whither it went.

At length the matter from being the town talk became the town dread. Numerous individuals got excited, and superstitious ones grew melancholy and taciturn; people looked doubtfully at each other, as they passed, in twilight, and all contrived their journeying at that hour, so as not to approach the last resting place of their departed friends.

The growing dread at length became insufferable; and engaged all minds. There chanced to be in the village a youth of nineteen, from Western New York, whose domestic education had carefully excluded all faith in supernatural agencies, and who therefore looked only to natural causes for explanations of the events and occurrences of this life. This youth resolved to fathom the mystery of the grave-yard ghost. He found one associate; and the two after night-fall secreted themselves among the tombs to observe. Punctually as the hour of 12 drew nigh, the ghost which had caused so much dread was seen

approaching. The moon was shining brightly, and the white robed object was seen most distinctly. Overcoming two fences, this entered the grave-yard within actual reach of the youth who had set on foot the investigation, and, as the light fell fully upon the face of the ghost, he recognised the well-known features of an acquaintance, who was then in her early widowhood. Her husband had recently been buried there, and so dreadful had been the shock, that the reason of the wife had been dethroned by it, and she was now a wandering maniac. She saw not her observers, but seated herself, as she was wont, upon the grave of him she had loved but too fondly. The two then approached the unfortunate, and addressed her in kindness. She knew them not, but conversed freely with them, calling them angels, and craving protection. She was in her night clothes, and her wandering thus, through the agony she had suffered, and her nightly occupying this sad seat, had converted that poor mental wreck of humanity into a ghost. On this occasion she could not be induced to abandon her post, and of necessity she was left there to complete the hours of that night's pilgrimage. She is now in a Lunatic Asylum.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

Wonderful Geological Discovery,

A fossil frog has been discovered in the Wabash bottom, several feet below the surface, with half a dozen strata of mud above him, to the formation of which, according to well-established geological principles, a period of 6,000 years each, may be attributed. When this astounding ante-Adamite fossil was brought to light, all the live old frogs gathered around it, and exclaimed: "Pentateuch! Pentateuch! Og! Humbug! Echo! Abimelech! Balek! Amalek! Amalek!" and the young frogs, startled at the discovery, cried: "Gliddon, Gliddon! Nott and Nott! Aggasee!" It is thought that this frog is several years older than the skeleton of a man found near New Orleans some time ago.

Deaths in the Pacific.

At sea on board the Bart. Gosnold, 25th Sept., Mr. Jones, 1st officer, belonging to Tisbury, Mass.

At Honolulu, on the 17th instant, Rich. Butler, of consumption. Mr. B. arrived from California lately in the Swiss Boy. He was from Philadelphia, and left a will, making over his property to his sister residing in that city.

At sea, September 21st, Cap. Ed. T. Sherman, master of American whale ship Coral, while on her passage from the Ochotsk sea to Honolulu, in lat. $46^{\circ} 40'$, and long. $176^{\circ} W$. The deceased had been an invalid about four months having suffered severely from an attack of the palsy. His remains were buried at sea, about two weeks before the vessel arrived in port.

Oct. 5th Mr. David B. Caswell, 1st officer of the American whale ship Mohawk. He belonged to Nantucket.

Killed by a whale in August, 1853, Mr. Freeman R. Eldridge, of Falmouth, 1st officer of the bark Awashonks. After the boat was capsized, he was struck and so severely injured as to survive but two hours after being taken on board the ship. At the same time one of his boat's crew disappeared and was never seen again. His name was Barney Bonner, an Irishman who came out in the vessel. The remains of Mr. Eldridge were interred on the south side of Cape East. He leaves a wife and child to mourn his loss.

Oct. 9th 1852, on board the Whale Ship Abigail, John Hackee.

October 1852, on board the whale ship Abigail, John Sherman, a boat-steerer, belonging to Falmouth, Mass.

At sea, August 15th, 1853, on board ship Harmony, Captain Baker, belonging to New London, Ct. His remains were conveyed to Talcahuano, Chili, and buried on shore.

In the Ochotsk Sea, on board ship Enterprise, Aug. 25th, Captain Henry Jernegan, aged 32 years. He belonged to Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. He leaves a wife and child to mourn his loss.

At sea, on board ship Electra, Wm. Hinchman, belonging to New York. The deceased met his end by being taken down by the line.

On board the ship Charles Carroll, on 21st July, of consumption, Wm. Brown, aged about 22.

April 14th, at sea, on board whale-ship Cowper, Joseph Homer, a native of Fayal, killed by falling from aloft.

Oct. 22d, in the port of Lahaina, George Frazier, of Natick, 3d mate of ship So. Boston, fell overboard and was drowned.

Oct. 23d. of consumption, at the U. S. Hospital, Lahaina, Silas Stoddard, aged 18, of Palmyra, N. Y.

Oct 5th, at Lahaina, Mrs. Martha Manwaring, wife of Cap. John Manwaring of whaleship Hellespont.

Lahaina, Aug. 1st, 1854.

July 17th, at Lahaina, in the U. S. Hospital, George Arthur H. Guardinier, of Albany.

July 23, at the same place, James H. Roff, of Maryland.

July 28th, at the same place, John M. Johnson of new Jersey. These three young sailors entered the hospital at about the same time, with the seeds of consumption in their frames, which made rapid and fatal progress. Mr. Guardinier had some time ago made profession of his faith by uniting with the 2d Baptist Church of Albany, and maintained a marked Christian character. The other two, since coming to the hospital, were mercifully guided to exercise repentance and faith in the Saviour. All three departed in peace and joyful hope, trusting in Him who is the "resurrection and the life."

"Lovely in their lives, in death they were not divided. S. E. B."

Contentment.

It happened once, in a hot summer's day, I was standing near a well, when a little bird flew down, seeking water. There was, indeed, a large trough near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that the little creature must go away thirsty; but it settled upon the

edge of the trough, bent its little head forward, then raised it again, spread its wings and soared away singing; its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough, and there in the stonework I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water held there had been a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present and desired no more. This is contentment.

Again I stood by a lovely, sweet-smelling flower, and there came a bee humming and sucking; and it chose the flower for its field of sweets. But the flower had no honey. This I knew, for it had no nectary. What, then, thought I, will the bee do? It came buzzing out of the cup to take a further flight; but as it came up it spied the steamers full of golden farina, good for making wax, and it rolled its little legs against them till they looked like yellow hose, as the bee-keepers say; and then, thus heavily laden, flew away home. Then I said, "Thou camest seeking honey, and finding none hast been satisfied with wax and hast stored it for thy house that thy labor might not be in vain. Thou, likewise, shalt be to me a lesson of contentment."

The night is far spent—the dark night of trouble—that sometimes threatened to close around us, but the day is at hand, and even in the night there were stars, and I have looked on them, and been comforted; for as one set, I could always see another rise, and each was a lamp showing me somewhat of the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God.—*Parable from the German.*

The Lesson of a Plant.

The humblest flower that blooms in the valley contains secrets and mysteries which all the philosophers on earth could not understand or explain, were they to devote a century to its study. There is nothing that a man ever made, which may not be understood by any one of ordinary powers of mind, after a little study. The most curious combinations of machinery be-

come very simple, and their operations are all perfectly comprehended, after we have looked into them a while. But it is not so with the works of God. Take, for instance, this little flower. You know its name and the genus to which it belongs. You can tell where it grew, and what kind of seed it sprang from, and what kind of soil and location it loves. You know its properties and how long it was in coming to maturity, and how long it remains in blossom. You may even subject it to the microscope and to chemical analysis, and be able to name its essential elements and method of structure. But you cannot push your investigations much further. You cannot explain how those bright and beautiful tints, those delicate and regularly shaped leaves, and this sweet fragrance, grew out of a handful of common earth. You cannot tell why the stock is of one color and the leaves of another, and the flowers pencilled and shaded with beautiful varied hues. You cannot explain those curious instincts of the plant, which are displayed in various degrees in different species, and which sometimes almost incline us to the belief that consciousness and intelligence are not restricted to the animal world.

But although we may never be able to perfectly understand the mysteries which are wrapped up in this little flower, we may derive important lessons of wisdom from it. If we will examine it with care and candor, it will teach us something about the greatness, the goodness, and the perfection of its Creator, which will be of great benefit to us. An incident in the life of the Count of Charney, affords a happy illustration in point. This French nobleman was possessed of education and fortune, but unfortunately was deficient in moral principle. He was fond of reasoning, but he confined himself to a "vicious circle" of argument, beginning in prejudice and unbelief, and ending in doubt and skepticism. Having become involved in a secret political movement in 1804, which was discovered by the police, he was confined in the Fenestrelle. While pacing the little court-yard connected with his cell, one spring morning, he espied a little blade of vegetation springing up

between two of the stones, which had scarcely yet escaped from the seed. It at once became an object of attention to the lonely man, and each day, as he witnessed its growth, and studied out the ingenious contrivance provided by nature for its protection from injury, the interest with which he regarded it increased. His hours of exercise were spent entirely by its side, watching its growth, and studying its changes; and often when confined in his cell, he continued to gaze on it through the window. The result was, his pride was humbled, his skeptical notions vanished, and new and before unknown emotions found a place in his breast. It became his instructor in wisdom, his solace in imprisonment, and finally was the means of procuring his release from confinement, by order of Napoleon, through a curious train of circumstances too extended for notice here. The original narrative of Count de Charney and his prison-flower, written in French, has enjoyed great popularity, and is considered a valuable auxiliary in the cause of religion and moral, as from its style it influences minds which would turn away from formal treatises of natural theology. And thus this little chance-flower has been the means of pouring truth and light into many minds, in addition to the blessings it conferred on the poor prisoner of Fenestrelle.

N. E. Farmer.

What the Sea gives up.

Thirteen years have rolled away with their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, their anticipations and disappointment, their fruits and their ashes, since the happy throng that waved their adieus and shouted "good bye," from the decks of "that new and staunch steamer" the Erie, were borne away from our wharves, one bright Summer evening, to the joyous cheering of friends ashore, amid the flaunting of banners and accompanied by the best wishes of hundreds of spectators. Crowding her forward and lower decks were scores on scores of foreign people, freshly arrived from the densely inhabited countries of Europe, and bound for the broad

prairies of our fair land, to reaching which they now looked with hopes stimulated by a prosperous voyage thus far, and a cheerful reliance upon the good ship beneath them, and her experienced crew.

As they stood there, the young, the aged, the parent and child, sexes and conditions all mingled in the pursuit of the one object, the seeking a new home among strangers, in a clime of which they knew absolutely nothing those ill-fated emigrants thought little of the perils of the deep, nor conjured up any visions of the alternative so soon to be presented to their bewildered minds, of a death by the demon of fire, or a quieter grave beneath the waters of the lake that looked so placid and so innocent of danger. Thus she went off with banners streaming, cheers resounding, music playing, and majestically plowed the bosom of her adopted element, the peerless and unrivalled craft that was to bear the palm from all contestants. There were some who came to the wharf too late, and these were greeted by derisive shouts from those on board, and many a contemptuous laugh. But later at night, there came the awful rumor of a ship on fire and burning at sea, and those who watched the great globe of fire, and saw it rise and fall upon the swells, knew it for a beacon of death and woe, and went shudderingly to their couches to await the morning, with its full revelations of disaster.

Thirteen years have passed since then, and many another calamity has obscured, with its dark story, the details of that dreadful night. For thirteen years the ashes of the Erie's dead have been washed by the surges that boomed their requiem upon the lonely beach, and tossed the bones of the victims, and the treasure that went down with them and the sand and shells of the deep in one confused heap.

But once more the light of day shines in upon the secrets that the sea has so long kept, and the ocean renders up its charge, at the behest of men who claim the hidden treasures. As of old the savage nations consecrated a great enterprise by the sacri-

fice of living beings, so this exploration of the watery sepulchre has been accompanied by new deaths, and the darker, final secret, is shared by those who would have learned the lesser ones. But long and difficult labor has accomplished the task of the searchers, and their zeal has been rewarded.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Mann, Vail & Co., and the gentlemen in their office, we were yesterday shown the result of the enterprise, as far as they have been revealed, and a melancholy story they tell. The coin which has been obtained from the wreck, is partly American and partly French. Some \$1,200 in bright American Eagles and lesser pieces, was deposited in the Hollister Bank, and about the same amount in gold, which has been burnt and discolored but without loss of value, completes the tale of perfect coins rescued, thus far. By far the greater amount of treasure is probably contained in the unshapen masses of metal, which have been taken from the mud and ashes in the bottom of the hull. These present the appearance of having been melted and dropped in the water, and are of gold and silver, in some cases perhaps, with the baser metals mingled with them, and only by their great weight revealing their intrinsic worth.—Rouleaux of five franc pieces, which having been slightly tipped from the perpendicular, are soldered together by fusion, and in one case we noticed a gold piece with a single link of a lady's watch-guard adhering to its edge, as if placed there to suspend the coin. Two pork barrels are filled with this confused and agglomerated material, much of it in bits like shot, and weighing, altogether, some 1600 pounds. Beside this, there are many pounds weight of coin partly melted, and clinging together very curiously. At a rough estimate, if the metal proves only silver, we should say that \$20,000 of treasure has been recovered, which with the avails of the machinery, iron &c., will make a handsome return for the outlay.

Our article is already so extended, that we have room only to advert to the other valuables that have been brought to light, and which, even more than the money, seem to carry the

mind by association, back to the owners of it all. The household goods, the little familiar articles of property that so directly point to home and its joys, and tell the tale of sorrow so plainly, watches, with the hands pointing to the hour when they stopped for ever, knives, even the little pipes that were in the pockets of the dead, all act as silent historians and remembrances of the awful event, and seem by their familiar look, to take us back, at once, to the day and moment when those who used them were hurried from life into a death as horrible as unlooked for.

Buff. Democ.

“My Last Spree.”

Old Berkshire, in Massachusetts is experiencing the blessed effects of *law* suppressing the rum-traffic. Among the reformed is one who is now a staunch total-abstinence man, who tells, through a correspondent in the “Troy Daily Times,” the story of his last spree.

“I once got a little change together and started off on a regular bender. I bought a small keg with a bung-hole in the middle of it, so it would be handy to drink from, and had it filled with rum. After taking a few good swigs, I hid it in a cooper shop, under some shavings, and started for town. Falling in with acquaintances, we all got gloriously drunk, and the spare change of the party was soon all gone, and before long we began to feel miserably dry again; but money and credit were both gone. Fuddled as we all were we started for the cooper-shop. Arriving there, after having travelled over much surplus ground I got hold of what I supposed the keg of rum, but the bung wouldn't come out. Each one of us tugged and pulled, dug, *chewed* at it, but all in vain. We separated in despair. I carried it home for a *sober* trial; and what do you think it was? Why, it was *the head of an old wooden beetle*, with just enough of the handle left to stick in its place. My rum keg was still in the shavings, and there I let it stay. That was my last spree.”

Reward the Meritorious.

It will encourage others to emulate their example, and aid in forming a healthful public sentiment on the subject of putting important trusts into the hands of trustworthy men. Yes, let merit, whether on the part of the master, officer, or sailor, be duly recognized and properly recorded; and let the means and motives to make all seamen meritorious be vigorously applied, and, with a Divine blessing the men more trusted than any other class may be in the same proportion honored and respected.

TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN FITCH

AND OTHERS.

The Committee appointed at the Merchants' Exchange, in May last, held their final meeting on Thursday—P. Perit, Esq., in the Chair, and Arthur Leary, Esq., Secretary. The following awards to the captains, officers, and others who have lately distinguished themselves by their noble exertions in preserving life at sea, were then resolved upon:

Steamship Washington.

Captain Fitch, \$750 and an appropriate Gold Medal.

Mr. King, Chief Officer, whose conduct on the occasion of the rescue of near 400 lives from the wreck of the *Winchester* was deserving of the highest praise, \$500 and a Gold Medal.

Second and Third Officers, each \$100 and Silver Medals.

To each of the four men composing the crew of the first boat to the wreck, \$50.

Ship Currituck.

Captain Foster, \$500 and Gold Medal.

First Officer, \$100 and Silver Medal.

Second Officer, \$50 and Silver Medal.

Ship Dirigo.

Captain Young, \$350 and Gold Medal.

First Officer, \$100 and Silver Medal.

Second Officer, \$50 and Silver Medal.

Ship Monmouth.

Captain Ludlow, \$250.

British Brig Caroline.

Gold Medal to Captain of brig *Caroline*.

Brig Good Intent.

Gold Medal to Captain of brig *Good Intent*.

Messrs. P. Perit, Richard Bell, Royal Phelps, and Arthur Leary, were appointed a Committee to carry out the above resolutions.

Feather Pillows as Life Preservers.

A Word on Saving Lives at Sea

—The great sacrifice of life attendant upon the loss of the ill-fated *Arctic* brings to mind a circumstance that occurred many years since, and that may be of benefit to all 'who go down to the sea in ships.' It was as follows: A friend of mine being about to embark on a sea voyage of great hazard, requested me to give him a letter of advice, to be followed in case of disaster. I gave him a letter, and therein stated that the only real and unavoidable accidents attending a life upon the ocean where the running afoul of vessels at sea in dark nights and during dense fogs. To obviate the former the use of lights may, to a certain extent, diminish the danger, and as a safeguard in fogs, resort must be had to the tolling of the ship's bell or the continuous firing of guns; but after all these precautions, there is still a great danger from collisions. Hence it is necessary that every individual, and most especially passengers, should be informed of the best means of saving themselves in those trying times, when each person is thrown upon his own resources.

It was to put my friend on his guard that I directed him to bear in mind the all-important fact that a feather pillow has a buoyant power fully equal to half a-dozen of the best life preservers ever invented, and that a common mattress would make a raft amply sufficient to float himself and trunk. I charged him, in case of

being wrecked upon a lee shore, to lay his blankets down upon the deck, place his mattress upon it, then tie up his trunk in the same, throw them overboard, and, with his pillow secured around his body, jump after them.

It so turned out that in the course of his voyage he was wrecked upon a lee shore, and following my directions, by the force of the wind and waves he was driven safe on shore, when he landed and saved all his clothes, together with several thousand dollars in specie, which were in his trunk. He was the only one on board that got safe to land with anything more than the scanty clothing in which they stood.

In conclusion, I have only to say that if persons on ship-board would recollect that the pillows and beds upon which they sleep are the best and most reliable kind of life preservers, there would be a great saving of human lives in cases of collisions and other casualties at sea.

Par Value with an Indiana Thief.

This amusing anecdote, appears to have been furnished the editor of the *Knickerbocker*, by an Indiana correspondent, who says:—

While I am writing to you I feel impelled to relate an incident that occurred in the court of an adjoining county not long since. I must premise that the laws of this State prescribe that in the trial of all indictments for larceny, the jury are obliged, if they find the defendant guilty, to estimate the value of the property stolen; when, if the amount is five dollars or over, the penalty is imprisonment in the State penitentiary; if under five dollars, the culprit is only confined in the county jail. A fellow was under trial for stealing a five dollar note of the State Bank of Indiana; and his counsel, finding an acquittal hopeless, called several brokers to testify that the note was at a discount of one per cent. for specie, which testimony the prosecuting attorney rebutted by calling several business men, who testified that they

were always in the habit of receiving and paying such notes at five dollars. In summing up and giving the case to the jury, the prosecutor, a man of but little cultivation but considerable shrewdness, told the jury that this defendant was "the meanest man he ever saw. Why, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I have practiced in the courts of this State twelve years, and have prosecuted criminals guilty of all sorts of crimes and meannesses, but I never before found a rascal so all-fired mean that he wouldn't be willing to *steal Indiana money at par!*"

Wave Motion.

The sea had drilled its riotous forces into massive phalanxes and orderly squadrons. In place of the rabble of breakers, billowy battalions were charging the shore. What power, what majesty of motion, what vast beauty of curve and curl! Watch those rolling undulations in the distance. What joy of expectation! See them heave nearer,—the liquid valleys deepening, the slopes darkening as they approach,—the forward line pushed on till it mounts for its final blow, whitens on the ridge, shakes its lifted, threatening edge, bends and flings itself with deliberate fury upon the smothered, groaning shore. The gurgling foam is caught, as it retreats, by the next line, which rides up in greater pomp;—just as it curls, a fresh puff of the land breeze lets loose a mane of mist from its long array, and like ten thousand horses and horsemen with streaming hair, it rushes with impetuous roar far up the granite ramparts. We can't keep our hats on while the third rank frowns behind it, we swing them with wild delight, to see it gather, and rise, and knit its forces into a threatening column, a quarter of a mile in length; and then we scream impotent cheers as it tumbles its serried thunder, and hurls a mass of briny and bracing fragrance into the air. We exclaimed that it was wrong to have such a sublime exhibition for nothing; and my friend, with enthusiastic waggery, proposed to throw his note for a hundred dollars, at sixty days, into the surf.

How can the splendors of wave-motion that are played off before us be described? Doubtless it is possible. A Turner in rhetoric could do it, as well as a Stanfield or a Turner in color. I have no doubt the English language has words which can be so artistically ordered by a master, as to represent the curious surges that sweep in pyramids up those small rocky coves. They do not bend at the top, and pour out their foam in a crecent cataract. They move up with a vast base, and as they near the shore, the creamy surf rolls over the top, or breaks from the side, as from a liquid volcano venting its fleecy lava, and flows down the blue advancing slope, till the rocks break the whole mass into whiteness. On another spot, the billows try their skill at architecture. A whole line curls up gradually in exquisite scrolls, such as only gusty snow storms can rival; they counterfeit fantastic volutes of capitals: they suggest, in the pale dancing green of their crests and the springing spray, a thousand graces of ornament, which Corinthian columns have never upheld in marble.

But it is images of battle, pictures of forming squadrons, chivalrous combat, and gallant assault, that keep uppermost in the mind. Sometimes, as they come careering on in joyous strength, with flashing plumes, the crowning part of the column, its knightly leader to the attack, would be arrested by a sunken rock, and we would see him reel a moment, and then rise as in his stirrups, and deal a more savage blow at his granite enemy. It is a battle, a war of ages,—this contest of the billows and the shore. A drawn battle, too, between the passion of the one and the patience of the other. All that the waters wash from the ledges that resist them, displaces its own waves. If the rocks see the surges retreat before them on one shore, the sea is gaining on another coast. A continent sinks in the Pacific, while the valley of the Mississippi is lifted above the sea and drained.—*Transcript.*

A man seldom has much leisure, if he is much inclined to use it.

Think of the Poor.

How much of true religion is connected with the poor? Christ seems to have taken them under his special care. His Gospel was preached to the poor: and this was one of the signs which he sent to John the Baptist, in prison. With his own blessed hands he fed the poor by a creative act, having compassion on them when they fainted. His miracles, we have reason to think, were in a majority of instances wrought upon the poor; and "the common people heard him gladly." The apostles at Jerusalem were anxious that Paul should "remember the poor," which he assures us, he was himself forward to do.—(Gal. ii. 10.) And when Christ shall sit on his throne of judgment, he will make inquisition concerning all we have done, or failed to do, in regard to the hungry, the naked, the stranger, the prisoner, and the sick, and will regard us as having done, or failed to do, all this to himself.

There are powerful motives to make us think of the poor. When it is well with us, we should remember them. When we hear the storm beating upon our habitation, and yet are secure, sheltered, fed, warmed, sitting over our books or among our children, we should think of the poor. When God has sent us some large or unexpected gains, we should think of the poor. If at any time, for a short period, we are made to experience cold, or pinching want, or hunger, or repulses from the proud, let us consider it an occasion for sympathising with thousands who are suffering something of this all their lives long.

Reader, have you made this a part of your religion, or divine service, as the word means, "to visit the fatherless and widows?"—(James i. 27.) Or is this part of your Christian character still defective.

Maine Steady.

Hear this, ye unbelievers in the efficacy and value of a Maine Law:

The report of the overseers of the House of Correction, in Portland, to the County Commissioners, is official evidence to the salutary operation of

the Maine Law, and to the good effects of closing rum shops.

"For the year ending June, 1853, we felt much encouraged when we were enabled to report that there had been but forty-nine commitments for the year, or less than one a week. But how much more pleasure it gives us, you may judge, and will undoubtedly participate in, as all human hearts will, to state that the commitments for the year ending with June, 1854, are but nineteen! a diminution of thirty. And, better still, that for the last six months there have been but seven. This is certainly a most cheering account.

"With but one exception these were sentenced to the house for that devastating sin, drunkenness. Remove that evil from our midst and the cells would be solitary. It seems by the comparison of the two years, to be fast diminishing. We trust another year may present a purer docket."

Steam Boat Disasters.

The following statement of steam boat disasters on the Western waters is condensed from the *St. Louis Republican*: In January there were as many accidents as there are days in the month. Eighteen steamers were lost, and twelve injured more or less. The destruction of property, including boat and cargo, involved a loss of upwards of a half million of dollars. Nineteen persons lost their lives. In February twelve steamers and four barges were destroyed—total loss amounting to \$1,000,000. About eighty lives were lost. In March twelve steamers were lost, valued with their cargoes at \$250,000. One hundred and twenty persons perished. During the three succeeding months we have twenty-eight steamers reported as being totally destroyed, the value of which with the cargoes is estimated at half a million. About thirty lives were lost. So that for the last six months there were 70 steamers sunk, or destroyed by fire, besides upwards of 150 barges, coal boats, &c., valued at \$2,000,000. The loss of life is estimated at 250 souls, though in many instances the exact number lost by these accidents are unattainable.

Boys for the Sea.

Chicago, Ill., October 13th, 1854.

Dear Sir—

I am anxious to make some inquiries relative to procuring a place on board ship for a lad about 14 years of age. The lad in question has recently lost his Father—a lawyer of eminence—and never quite manageable, has now become ungovernable. His Mother has placed him in school, but she learns from a recent letter that he will probably be expelled. The sea is the only resource left, and if a place could be found for him with a pious Captain and crew it might be his salvation. Could such a situation be found—and how, and when? If you could give me any information upon this subject and put me in the way of finding a good place for him should he be expelled from school, you would confer a great favor upon me, and his mother would be glad to remunerate you or your employees for any trouble taken to find such a place.

Very truly yours,

Such is a specimen of letters frequently received, asking our advice and services in obtaining berths for boys on the sea. The boys are of every grade of character from the best to the worst; and often at an age, and in circumstances, when they are balancing between a course of respectability and usefulness, and one of infamy and ruin. One has a passion for the sea; hence he wants to ride its waves. Another has a roving disposition, and wishes to gratify it by treading on foreign shores. Another is puny, and seeks the sea for a brawny arm, and a breast like a jolly-boat. Another is ungovernable at home, and needs the steel reins of a sea-disciplinarian. Another is too vicious to live in decent society, and is urged to sea with the hope that a change of skies and circumstances will improve his habits. Another fears and loves the Maker of the sea and the dry land.

He goes to sea because the pathway of duty leads in that direction.

Some of these youth have parents, and all of them friends to take an interest in their welfare; not one of whom would put the lad under the control or influence of a cursing Captain, swearing mate, or profane crew. No—though some of them may take God's name in vain themselves—they cannot bear the thought that their boy should be brought up a blaspheming wretch.

Hence the compliments they pay to Christianity in almost invariably asking for a *pious* captain, for *Christian* officers, for a *good* crew. They know that the safest ship in a storm is one that has Christ on board; and that He has promised to be where two or three meet in his name. They know there is *efficacy* in prayer; and that when offered believingly in behalf of the ship's company both on board and on shore, it is a cable of superhuman strength to draw them into the desired heaven.

We are glad to find this sentiment so general and so deep; that an interest so rational and scriptural is felt for the young wanderers on the ocean; that those, even who will not tread the narrow way themselves are desirous their boys should walk therein.

Moreover it is no less our duty than our pleasure to do all we can for them. We love to keep an eye on the exemplary and the excellent masters and officers on the sea, and commend to their guardianship the young; and when the boy who has done well under their training returns from the sea we are always gladdened with the mutual joy of the lad and his friends. How could we feel otherwise when we have seen the mother weep, and the father's eye moisten on the return of their dutiful and manly boy!

But while we *do* and *feel* this; and and while we are using every means in our power to make the masters, officers and sailors, *such* as they are glad to have these youths sail with, we earnestly submit to them the question of *their responsibility* in the work. You want good captains and officers to command and to influence by example; and good sailors for fore-castle and shore companions? Then aid in furnishing them with the gospel—the divinely appointed means of making them good:—

"The only balm whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature man."

You want the sea-faring youth saved? Then show your sincerity by furnishing them with the means of salvation.

You would meet them in a world where there shall be no more sea? Then *sow your seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thy hand. Cast thy bread upon the waters. MEET YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES* in this matter and you may reasonably expect, 'e'er long to sing the new song with the redeemed from the sea.

P. S.—Among those who call at our office is the master of one of the best ships sailing out of New York. Exemplary in his moral habits, intelligent and energetic in seamanship, able both in the government of himself and others, he is an ornament and honor to his profession. When about sixteen years of age his mother came to our office to intercede in his behalf. We succeeded in getting him a berth as cabin-boy in the "Brooklyn," under the command of Capt. Edward Richardson. Among the many elevated by him the Captain now greets his cabin-boy with parental pride, and rejoices to see in him so many elements of a noble man.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

The Lessons of God's Providence.

Extracts from a discourse on the loss of the Arctic, delivered in the second Baptist Church, New London, Ct., by the pastor, Rev. O. T. Walker, Sabbath evening, Nov. 5th, 1854, kindly furnished for the Magazine at our request.

While painful doubt and uncertainty hangs over other missing ones of that ill-fated steamer, our readers will not tire with recitals of the sad and mournful scenes on and around the sinking Arctic.

"God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not." Job. 33: 14.

3 God speaks in these passing events, in a voice too plain to be misunderstood. In the numerous disasters on the sea, in the pestilence that walketh at noon-day, and in the numerous casualties every day falling upon us, Jehovah speaks in the voice of nature, in the changing seasons. Summer has its language, Autumn its painful lesson. In the falling leaf, the withered flower, the passing gale the voice of God is heard.

The words *accident, chance, or fortune*, are words almost without meaning, only as names for the unknown and mysterious providences of God. For nothing comes to pass causelessly or by chance, or in vain. The chaos of human affairs, in which we can see no light, is all clear to

him. In the devastating cholera, or the destroying flood, we cannot always see the end. But he who sitteth on the flood, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and goes out on the wings of the wind, maketh the hail, the rain and the fire and the flood obey his word. There goes out from the secret pavilion of the Almighty, that controlling influence, which subjects in the heavens above and the earth beneath all things to himself. But this is not always regarded. God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. He repeateth the lesson of his providence, and adds line upon line, precept upon precept, still man shuts his eyes, and closes the avenues to his heart.

Though some days have passed since the Arctic went down into the deep sea, to have no resurrection, it is not too late to review the scenes which then occurred, and apply the lesson which that sad event teaches.

The noble ship Arctic sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday, Sept. 20th, at eleven o'clock, with 240 passengers, 140 officers and crew, making the whole number 380. The Arctic was considered the perfection of science, skill and industry; the proudest of all the proud steamers that ever floated on the ocean. She was fitted up in the most costly manner, no pains being spared to render her the most attractive of all ocean steamers. She had been tried in the most fearful storms, and proved herself worthy of the trust reposed in her. So far as hu-

man sagacity could foresee, she was safe from fire and flood. She was commanded by a gentleman of known ability, of tried worth, courteous in his manners, and respected by all who knew him; to him was committed the care of the ship, the lives and property of the passengers, and nobly did he stand by them to the last.

The last voyage of the Arctic was most happily commenced. It bid fair to win fresh laurels for navigation, and new fame for her enterprising owners and accomplished commander.

They have lost sight of the last hill top in the old dominion; they are flying past the sterile shores of Newfoundland, and already begin to converse as being near home, sweet home. Some had been a long time away. Friends long separated were to meet. Children expected soon to welcome home father and mother; wives to greet their husbands, and husbands their wives. Toils, privations, suffering and hardships all vanish in the tender welcome home. Some had journeyed away from home in pursuit of health in more genial climes. Sunny Italy had been visited, and France, Germany, and Spain travelled over. Some had travelled for pleasure, and a few for wealth. But a land dearer to them than all the world beside, they are fast nearing—their hearts beat quicker, and their countenances grow brighter as they near the land which gave them birth. Never was there congregated on board one ship more of beauty and of loveliness—young men and maidens of great intellectual attainments were there. The gay and fashionable were there. The man of science and letters was there. The rich and poor were there also. Each with joyous heart ever and anon looking towards the happy shores of their loved New England homes.

One calm day as they were gliding swiftly on they were at times enveloped in midst so thick that it shut out the noon-day sun, and wholly obscured every surrounding object.

Enveloped in this dark curtain there came a stranger, like a phantom on the deep—suddenly emerging

from this embankment, she shot under the bows of the noble Arctic, inflicting on her a deadly wound. For a brief moment or two they fancy the blow had recoiled on the stranger's head leaving them unharmed.

But they soon learn that the water is rushing in torrents upon them, and fast rising in the hold of the ship. Her bow is turned towards the shore and every effort made to gain the land. But all is vain. The fires are extinguished. The engineers flee. Consternation seizes them and they madly rush into the boats, desert the ship, and all on board are left to perish. A few faithful ones stand by the commander, and eagerly obey his orders. They do what they can to form a raft and save the lives of those ready to perish. Yes, the names of Dorian, the third mate, who worked and conducted most nobly throughout; of young Holland also, who fired the signal gun until the ship went down; of Anna Donner, the stewardess, who declared she would work at the pumps until her arms dropped off—these are the names that will live when others are lost in utter forgetfulness.

Though a few brave ones are there, they cannot save the ship. She must sink, and, O! God, what a sight! only a few hours before so full of life and pleasure and joy, now going down into the silent chambers of the sea—child clings to the parent—the husband to the wife—scalding tears run down from many faces—heart rending thoughts, of the loved and absent, flit across their minds—life's history rushes through the memory—one look on home, one kiss more from the loved and absent would seem to assuage their grief. But no such word can be spoken. One thing only remains—that is the everlasting God, the creator of the heavens and the earth. Blessed was that man or woman, who, when the pride of the ocean was about to fail them, could look beyond the sea, and say, I know that my Redeemer liveth.

The awful moment has come—the great ship struggles, poises a moment and sinks to rise no more. In the language of another, "Down, down

in the abyss she sinks, and the yawning waters close as the shrieks to heaven rise, and hundreds of human beings, full of health, descend into the unfathomable depths that nothing can pierce but the shrill notes of the resurrection trumpet." There in one common coffin in the vast cemetery of the ocean, where human eye shall never see them more. Oh! the eternity of agony concentrated in that awful moment, when instant death met all those happy home-bound souls.

But the sea must give up its dead. Mrs. Hemans has beautifully expressed the idea in the following language.

High hearts and brave are gathered to the bosom of the ocean,
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy sea,
Give back the true and brave.
Give back the lost and lovely; those for whom
The place was kept at board and heart so long.
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning midst fatal song,
Hold fast thy buried Isles, thy towers o'er thrown.

But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman has gone down,
Dark flow the tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowing crown;

Yet, thou must hear a voice; restore the dead.

Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,

Restore the dead, thou sea.

If time would allow I would mention many things said or done in that fearful hour. I will only refer to one or two. One man had lately come into possession of immense wealth, which he had inherited from rich ancestors, and was on his way back to America. When the ship had sunk and he rose to the surface, seeing some one from the boat or raft, he offered thirty thousand pounds to save him; they made an attempt but before they could reach him he sunk to rise no more.

A Mr. Comstock, brother to Capt. Comstock of the Baltic, struck out for one of the boats and inquired if there was room for him; when told there was not, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "tell my wife and children I'm gone," and sunk in to the deep, deep sea.

The younger Collins met his fate

like a hero. His youthful and beautiful sister, who is represented as the idol of her father's heart, met her fate with the greatest composure.

Summoning up the loss of life in this sad accident, so far as known, the account stands thus; on board the Arctic 240 passengers, and 140 officers and crew; making a total of 380 souls. Of these 87 have been saved; of whom 65 were attaches of the steamer, and 22 only were passengers; and among them not one of the 61 women or 19 children known to have been on board. There are, consequently, missing 293 persons; of whom 208 were passengers, and 85 attaches of the ship. To these must be added 12 of the crew of the Vesta which was in collision with the Arctic.

O! how true is our text, God speaketh once, yea twice, but man perceiveth it not.

He spoke loudly in the first years of ocean steam navigation, in the loss of the President, which, I think, never was heard from. A timely warning, a check to avarice, ambition and pride; was that voice heard? No—where is the steamship Glasgow, with her thousands of treasure, and hundreds of human lives? not one trace of her has, to my knowledge, been seen, not one solitary soul has escaped to tell the tale. The San Francisco rests some where deep down in the vault of the sea. The Humbolt and steamship Philadelphia, and the Franklin, each have been overtaken by accident, and made their last voyages. God speaketh again and again, yet man perceiveth it not.

During the last twelve months, from the United States alone, over 600 vessels, have been lost, and probably twice that number from all parts of the world. Fifty vessels have not been heard from. Add to this the British ship Regent, with 400 souls, all lost in the Bay of Bengal. Nearly thirty millions of property has been destroyed and hundreds of valuable lives. Does not this speak? Is not the voice of God in it? It speaks to the wordly avaricious man. It speaks to the reckless and daring.

It speaks to us, and a voice seems to say, there is sorrow on the sea. O! why will not men pause and bow to the decrees of divine Providence? why not check their ruthless growing ambition; their cravings for wealth, their greedy desire to get gain?

We need to pause in our pursuit of pleasure or of riches—we need a preparation to meet our fate and die like Christian men and women—we need a never failing portion, a hope, like an anchor to the soul—we need an every day preparation to meet our God. The reason is obvious, death will continue his steady work, and no mistake. There will continue to be accidents, by sea and land. Hundreds are yet to pass into the eternal world without a moment's warning. How soon shall we hear of some collision at sea, or on the land. The blowing up of some building, the bursting of some steam boiler, or the fire, with uncontrollable sway, shall sweep over our city or our neighbors city, how soon. God only knows.

Cold winter is stretching forth his icy arms, and will soon clasp in icy bands, stronger than iron, the whole northern hemisphere. And what scenes of storm, sorrow, suffering and death must follow.

There have passed from our homes to the home of the redeemed, many of whom we have pleasing hope. They have gone with spirits bright to the land of rest. True we have wept their departure and mourned their absence. But then there came home to our hearts the blessed assurance that, though gone they are not lost, though absent from us they are present with the Lord. God has taken them to himself.

It has been intimated in this discourse, that a day is coming when the sea shall give up its dead. I bless God for the promise of such a day. A day when the parted of earth shall meet, never to part again.

O! talk to me of heaven! I love
To hear about my home above;
For there doth many a loved one dwell
In light and joy infallible.
O, tell me, how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing,
And every glad and tearless eye
Beams like the bright sun, gloriously
Tell me of that victorious palm,

Each hand in glory beareth;
Tell me of that celestial calm,
Each face in glory weareth.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

A Father's Acknowledgment of Kindness on the Sea.

MR. EDITOR,

To us who live on the land and enjoy our peaceful homes, the hardships and dangers of the sea are appalling. We are educated to hope that our sons, whom we have trained with care for other pursuits, will be spared from the perils of morals and of life to which a sailor is exposed. None but a parent, thus educated, can know the feelings of a parent's heart, when his son, in the buoyancy of his youth, turns away from the inviting prospects of usefulness and happiness on shore, and deliberately commits himself, for life, to those toils and dangers. Many and deep-toned are the agonies with which the choice is yielded to, and the boy is committed to Him, whose care is equally over the sea and the dry land, to keep and to save.

This trial, as you know, has been my own; and now, after seven months of anxious waiting, I am more than thankful to be reminded that there is kindness on the sea, in Sabbath-keeping ships, even for those who work before the mast. My son was received on board the ship *Hope*, Capt. N. Briggs, who sailed from New York Feb. 17th and arrived at San Francisco Aug. 17th, just six months from the day of sailing, and without touching at any intermediate port. The captain's excellent wife was on board, and other domestic arrangements were in accordance with their Christian profession.

I give you below, at your request, some extracts from my son's first letter. Other fathers, who have boys toiling on the ocean, may be encouraged by those glad tidings from the good ship "*Hope*," to *hope* on for their sons, and see to it that their homes on the deep shall be Bethels, houses of worship and of prayer.

"SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 26.

"DEAR FATHER,

"I was struck with the appearance of this city, on a hill, and surprised at the manner in which it is built up. It appears almost as large as Brooklyn and is closely settled. Many fine brick buildings grace the city, and more are in progress of erection. The harbor is as fine as any in the world, far surpassing our noble Bay of New York in size and beauty. As you approach from the sea the vast range of mountains piled upon one another presents a most imposing view, and one feels almost repaid for six months of toil and hardship, at the prospect of so soon placing his foot upon 'terra firma.' But, more than all, the prospect of hearing from his home and loved ones, he has left so far away, fills him with an impatience unknown during the whole of this long and weary voyage. And then the joy that fills his heart as, breaking seal after seal he finds nothing but glad tidings and words of affection. Oh! it passes all description. All this impatience and all this joy I have felt in opening and reading my home letters.

"I was on the fore-topsail yard when the letters were brought on board, and acted over the part William is said to have performed, when 'Black-eyed Susan' came on board—

"Soon as her welcome voice he heard,
The cords glide swiftly through his willing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

I assure you Mr. William must have been a very spry young man if the cords glided any more swiftly through his hands than through mine. And now for life on ship board.

"Captain Briggs and lady have been very kind, and our treatment at the hands of the officers has been mild and judicious, and such as has won our respect and affection. Our voyage has not been without its many trials, but only such as are incident to any long voyage. The Sabbath has been regarded on board, and we have been well provided for and taken care of. Despite all the many vicissitudes everything has been done by the officers that could be to make us comfortable."

NOTE BY THE EDITORS.

The above ship had a crew of ten men and as many boys—all under the best discipline and moral influence. The men, on arriving at San Francisco, from a foolish desire of change common among seamen, left the ship; but the boys remained, and are now her main reliance. We marked them when they sailed as a fine intelligent set of fellows as ever pulled a rope; and we rejoice to hear that they promise to meet all our expectations.

All honor to the owners and captain of the "Hope" for thus doing their part to increase the number of able good seamen.

Disasters.

Ship Great Britain, ashore at Cape Sable, is expected to prove a total loss; crew saved.

Schr. Kennebec, of and from Bath for Virginia, in ballast, was fallen in with 24th Aug., Cape Elizabeth bearing N. W. by N., distant about 50 miles, by schr. Olive, Hunt, at Providence from Eastport. The K. was in a sinking condition, having sprung a leak during a heavy gale on the 24th. After much difficulty, it blowing heavily with a high sea, succeeded in taking from the wreck the captain and crew, saving nothing but what they stood in, and landed them at Gloucester on 27th.

Br. ship John Francis, Humphrey, from Quebec 12th Aug., for Liverpool, was abandoned at sea on the 25th. The crew were taken off the wreck by the bark Repeater, and carried to Quebec.

Brig Joann Tyler, at Bucksville, S. C., bound for Frankfort, Me., in attempting to go to sea 14th Aug., got becalmed on the Bar, let go her anchors, parted chains and went ashore, vessel filled with water and abandoned.

A heavy N. E. gale occurred at St Pierre, Miq., noon of 23d Aug. The Fr. brig St. Jacques parted three

chains and went on shore, where she became a total loss.

Br. ship *Mary Caroline*, of Liverpool, abandoned all her masts standing and apparently in good order, was passed Aug. 10th, by the *Bowman*, King's Boats from Liverpool.

Wm's ship *Henry Anne* (of New Bedford), *Hawkeye*, was totally lost at Vesper, one of the Friendly Islands, on the 20 of April last, having been carried upon a reef (and down in the chair) by a current.

Brig *John Roderick Graham*, from Charleston for Baltimore, went ashore North of the West Woods on the 20th Aug. The vessel will prove a total loss.

Brig *Nicholas Biddle*, *Hopague*, from Baltimore Conn. for York River, Va., went ashore at Long Beach near the wreck of ship *Chenoweth Jerome*, Jr., 25th, and will prove a total loss.

Brig *Amelia Bell*, from Boston, of and for Boston, was on the 21st of July lost off the East coast of Africa. The officers and crew saved.

Brig *Harriet Greeley*, *Smith*, from Georgetown, S. C. for Philadelphia, was supposed, supposed to be the vessel, before reported ashore at Waccamaw Beach, N. C. She was captured during the gale of 30th Sept., and taken to Peasey's Island, about 20 miles N. of Georgetown. 12th September, bottom up. All hands were lost.

Brig *Chatham*, from Rockland for Gloucester, wrecked on the coast of Texas, arrived off Gloucester 16th Sept., during a gale, but was unable to get a pilot, and heeled off out all her sails being blown away, she came to in six fathoms, water both on her bow and stern. Her masts parted and she went ashore 10 miles below Brazos river, where her crew was knocked out, and her line took fire. Some of her spars and sails were saved, and when the crew rigged a tent on shore to protect themselves from the storm.

Br. bark *Louisa*, arrived at Grand Turk, Turk's Island, Sept. 17th, to

take in a cargo of salt for New York. After being in port loaded, appearance of a storm induced the pilot to get under weigh and endeavour to run into Hawk's Nest Harbor. In doing this she got on a reef near the entrance, and soon became a total wreck.

Br. brig *Waterloo*, at this port from St. Domingo City, reported *Barque Keweenaw*, of and for Boston. Captain Howell, having obtained part of a cargo on the coast, and while coming into St. Domingo to finish loading, went ashore on a sand bar at the mouth of the harbor. The vessel a total loss.

Brig *Ozard*, at this port from Boston, reports:—September 13th, after experiencing a heavy gale from North West for the two days previous, fell in with the barque *Agnes* of Yarmouth, Me., from Boston for New York, in a sinking condition, and the crew completely exhausted with pumping; took off Capt. H. Ange and crew and brought them to this port.

Br. ship *Diana*, 130 tons, from — for Africa, was wrecked on the Banks (supposed Nova Scotia) on the 26th Sept.

Brig *Cassara* of New York went ashore near St. Mary's Geo., about 27th September, after losing masts and anchors. She was from Charleston, at ballast, bound to Dorsey Island.

Capt. Brewer, of ship *Tempest* hence at New Orleans, reports picked up at sea, Sand Key bearing fifty miles the officers and crew of the English barque *Manilla* from Honduras, bound to London, whole bark was driven ashore on the West side of Florida Reef in the late gale.—After the barque struck she's a short time sprung a leak, and the men to save themselves betook to their small boats, and were on the sea twenty-four hours previous to their being taken on the *Tempest*.

Br. scho. *Foreigner*, from Souris, P. E. I. for Portsmouth, N. H., was wrecked near 22d Sept. between New Harbor and Turkey Point.

New York, December, 1854.

That Prayer How it Haunted Me!

A few days since at the dinner table, at the "Sailors' Home," 190 Cherry street, a gentleman sat beside me, whose countenance I did not remember having seen before; but who seemed to have some recollection of me—for after gazing at me intently for a few seconds, he asked, "were you ever in the ship *Columbia*, of Boston, sir?" I answered, "Yes, sir, I was on board that old craft in 1841 in New Orleans." "Do you recollect me, sir?" said he, his face glowing with what, to me, seemed an unexpected pleasure. I was compelled to admit that I did not recognise the features, and did not remember that we had ever met before. "Well, sir," said he "you may forget, but I never can—no, sir, I never *can* forget that interview, and that prayer." He then stated the circumstances of our meeting, hoping that I might, by the power of association, be able to recall the interview. The substance—without entering into minute details—was simply this.

"I was in New Orleans in 1841, connected with the brig *Cameo*, of Boston, and having heard that there was to be a prayer meeting on board the *Cumberland* I went up the Levee for the purpose of attending the meeting. On the deck of the *Cumberland* an acquaintance of mine introduced me to you as the second officer of the *Cameo*. You seized me by the hand very warmly, and spoke

to me of the love of Christ, urging me to come to him, and obtain the salvation of my soul.

During the meeting you were called upon to pray, and it appeared to me that I never did hear just such a prayer. It left an impression on my mind that has never been, and never will be, obliterated. That is more than thirteen years ago. Yet *that prayer has haunted me ever since*. How often have I laid in my berth and thought of it, and wondered where the man was who offered it; and wished I could only see him but once more! How often have I wished that I was as good as the man that offered up that prayer! And now, after so many years, I am permitted to meet you. Can it be that you are the man that offered that prayer! Well, I never expected to see you again. But, he continued, you have forged ahead some since then. *Then* you were before the mast and I abaft it. *Now*, you are a minister of the gospel, and I—what am I? Alas!—well I must hear you preach."

The Sabbath came. The seamen were assembled and among them my friend from New Orleans. He listened to the discourse with rapt attention, and occasionally the tear unbidden coursed down his weather bronzed cheeks. He was at church three times that day. During the week we met at intervals, and spoke of the eternal interest of the soul, and of the wonderful providence

which brought us together after so many years of vicissitudes and change. At the close of the week he was unexpectedly called to Boston on business, and spent the Sabbath there, but returned to New York on the Tuesday following. I met him in the street, took his hand affectionately, and spoke feelingly to him of his soul.

His eyes filled, and he said, "Mr. — I have given myself to Christ. I am his, and will be, God helping me, as long as I live." Oh, how my heart thrilled with joy when he told me that during his absence from New York he had publicly professed Christ before men, and expressed his determination to live for God. I asked him if he could trace this change to any particular instrumentality. "O, sir," said he, "to tell you the truth *that prayer haunted me*—I had no peace. I felt that all was not right. But when I heard you preach, on the Sabbath, and recollected that I had heard from your lips a prayer which penetrated my heart 13 years ago, I could not but reflect on the difference between your influence and mine during the interval. It occurred to me that you perhaps had been the means, in God's hand, of bringing many sons into glory, and that in all that time I have no assurance that *one* soul has gone to heaven through any influence of mine. This was a painful thought. I felt that my time had been wasted—squandered—and I determined there and then that I would *lose no more*. I consecrated the remaining portion of my life to the service of God and the good of men."

There was a strange providence in our meeting at all in New York. He had come to this city some two or three weeks ago and commenced

business with the full purpose of becoming a permanent resident. He was permitted to remain here long enough to meet the man he had longed, for 13 years, to see, and to hear him preach, *just one Sabbath*, the truths of the everlasting gospel. The next week, in the providence of God, a more lucrative offer was made to him in Boston. He accepted the offer and has gone to wield his influence for Christ there, and I trust to prove an Aaron or a Hur to my good and faithful minister of God, and seamen's friend, Bro. P. Stow, and I hope he may yet become a faithful servant in the Vineyard of our Lord.

From the above simple narration we may safely infer—

I. The importance of a "word in season." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." (Eccles. xi: 6.) Such a word may be as an "apple of gold in a net work of silver." Its value may not be *fully estimated* until every work with every secret thing shall be revealed in the judgment. But we do know that "it shall not return void. It shall accomplish the thing whereunto God sent it."

II. It should stimulate us to renewed diligence—to be, in short, in season, out of season—always abounding in the work of the Lord—"for as much as we know that our labor will not be in vain in the Lord." *Souls* are perishing. If a word may be made instrumental in saving one, then let us speak that word at *all times*. Let *us be faithful* whether men will hear or forbear. The seed may fall into good ground, and bring forth a hundred fold to the glory of God.

III. We have special grounds for encouragement to labor among seamen. They are susceptible to kindness. They have been neglected, and sometimes feel that no one has their interest at heart. A kind word, therefore, concerning the *love* of our blessed Saviour to seamen as well as as others, may send a glow of hope through the soul, and the hand of affectionate sympathy, guided by the Spirit of God, may touch a chord in the *sailors' heart* that will vibrate in harmony with the songs of angels and the redeemed through all eternity.

Finally. It may serve to impress on our minds the fact that God is *not unrighteous to forget our labor of love*. We may, if we do our duty with a single eye to the glory of God in the salvation of souls, sow much seed, which we forget we have ever scattered. But which the "Lord of the harvest," will remember, and concerning which he will doubtless say, (as he fills our bosoms with the golden sheaves,) in answer to our "When Lord," "In as much as ye did it to one of the least of these *my brethren*, ye did it unto me."

C. J. J.

The Arctic.

ITS CATASTROPHE AND COMMENTS.

THE SAILORS DID THEIR DUTY.

The first tidings from this ill fated ship produced a general burst of unaffected sorrow. She was a nation's pride. Iron, oak, and skill had combined to perpetuate it. She was freighted with the treasures of a thousand families—treasures incomparably richer than silver and gold. And when it was told,—“the sea hath spoken, even the strength of the sea” in the destruction, and the loss of those treasures, sadness filled every heart.

After a deep expression of grief, came comments, prudential, moral and condemnatory. Especially were the vials of indignation poured upon the crew as a set of inhumane sailors unfit to live! Monopolizing the only means of safety and leaving helpless women and children to perish!—"Great encouragement," remarked a gentleman sarcastically, "to use the means for the improvement of seamen when they conduct in this manner!"

On the moral and prudential lessons derived from this sad catastrophe, the pulpit and the press may have said enough; and quite too much surely, by way of censuring the *Sailors*.

Who were those who tumbled into the boats to the exclusion of the women and children, and conducted in a manner characterised by the pulpit and press as "dastardly and mean?"

Were they *Sailors*?

These are the facts. The crew of the Arctic consisted of 140 persons. Of these 58 were in the Engineer's department, and 51 in the Steward's department;—making 109 who were neither shipped as sailors, nor expected to be sailors, any more than the engineers and firemen in a steam factory; or the stewards, cooks, and waiters in a hotel. Of the 25 who shipped as sailors, where is the evidence that they did not do their duty? The six, including Mr. Gourlie, the first officer, who, in obedience to Capt. Luce's orders, manned a boat immediately after the collision and went to the relief of the "*Vesta*," *did their duty*.

So also with those who rowed the two boats taken charge of by Mr. Baalham, the second officer, and without whose brawny arms, it was gratefully acknowledged by those

thus saved, they would not have been able to reach the shore.

Then there was the noble Mr. Dorian, the third officer; was he derelict in duty?

But to set this matter at rest, we have the statement of Capt. Luce himself, that NOT ONE OF HIS SAILORS FAILED TO DO HIS DUTY. Probably the Captain will soon make this and some other statements public over his own signature.

Let the stripes fall thick and heavy; but not on the innocent. The sailors have sins enough of their own to answer for without being held responsible for the unsailorlike, and outrageous conduct of others in that ill-fated ship.

REMARKS.—Very few of those who have censured the innocent will be likely either to confess their mistake or correct the wrong; simply because pride of opinion will not deal in magnanimity except at a ruinous discount. The Editor or Preacher, who as publicly retracts as he has publicly made injurious statements should be immortalized in a statue of gold and in the respect of the world.

Again. Sad as are the lessons taught by the Arctic, most of them will be transient as the troubled waters at the moment of her last surge into the depths. With the return of the smooth sea will return the reckless speed in the dense fog, or darkness; and men will sleep till again aroused by another awful calamity.

Again.—“shall there be evil in the city”—or in the sea—“and the Lord hath not done it?” The wise commentator on this and all similar events is he who recognises God’s hand in their permission, and his admonitory voice in their design.

‘Necessity knows no law.’ Well, necessity is like a great many lawyers.

For the Sailor’s Magazine.

Aspinwall Chaplaincy.

We have had about seven months of rainy weather this year, in this country, and in the region round about here; and we trust the “dry season” will come to our relief shortly. We will greet the visitor with a hearty welcome; not because we are tired of rain, but because we will delight to inhale the sweet, delightful, bracing winds of the northeast; here called the “trades.” They will come dancing and laughing across the deep blue waves of the restless ocean; bearing health and joy on their refreshing wings. O how they will delight to revel among our palm trees, and toss with wild joy the luxuriant foliage of our dense, ever-verdant forests. How gladly will they catch up and bear away the deadly malaria; which poisons all we breathe, and has been our foe unseen for eight long dreary months. Then, dark clouds, dense fogs heavy mists, mosquitoes, sand flies and fevers will fly away, as flies the night before the gladdening beams of the rising sun. And while yourself, and many of your readers, will be chilled with the keen, rude blasts of winter, we will have delightful, perpetual spring! The sea, too, will join and partake of the general joy. Her crested waves will rise up and embrace the joyous breezes as they pass her ceaseless round of dashing waters, and send her sparkling spray along our “coral strand.” Our sunny shores and silvery bay will be greeted with the daring adventurers of other lands, who leave their pleasant homes to seek wealth in the sunny tropics.—The enterprising merchant, the skilful mariner, the hardy tar will all find a hearty welcome. Would that they all would come to us, as eager to do us good as they will be to gather the needful things of this life. We grieve to think, for the most part they will not. They will partake of the poisoned cup. They will belch forth the awful words of blasphemy! They will haunt the dram-shop and the card-table. They will crawl into the brothel. Some of them, after a brief

illness, will be rudely nailed up in a rough box, and hurried away to "Monkey-hill," and there moulder to dust, far away from mourning friends and bereaved families! Oh! my heart aches when I call to mind the bitter regrets, the apparently fruitless prayers, the burning wishes, and the falling tears, I have witnessed in that hospital over the way. They lusted, they drank, they revelled, they uttered curses! they murdered themselves, both soul and body! In the prime of manhood they died! While it was yet noon, their sun went down! No mother, wife, or sister, was there, to wipe the cold death-sweat from their brows. None, of all they had known in childhood, or youth, were there to love them, and give them comfort. Of about fifty who have died in one of the hospitals, three have died in peace, as we trust. I am assured by a very intelligent physician, that almost every death which occurs here is caused by self-abuse and intemperance. But we feel thankful that some have felt peace in the hour of dissolution. Sometimes we are greeted with the smiles of those whose home is on the ocean, who meet with us to worship God. Occasionally a pious Sailor gives us joy, with the friendly grasp of his hand, and we feel that we are not alone as we kneel together around the altar of prayer. There were two pious seamen on the brig A—— which lately visited this port. One had a bible which he found in a mutilated state on the brig, and he mended the cover with some sail cloth, and then, as he had another, he had one, as he said, to give away. I also found a pious sailor on the ship L——, and I gave him a bible and some tracts. I may also mention another person who has quit the ways of the drunkard, and who appears humble and penitent, and now prays for the favor of God. Since my last I have visited about twenty vessels, and have supplied them with bibles and tracts. My congregations are increasing, and they are more serious and attentive, and some weep under the word. Others curse, and swear they will not attend preaching; and one fellow

swore he would horse-whip the preacher. But, blessed be God, the cause is his; He gives me peace, and a large sense of the strong security his Almighty Power affords. There are few places that will compare with this for crime and vice in almost every possible form. But we are happy to state, that crime has decreased since the organization of the police under the control of Captain Runnels. It is easy to see that the sailor is assailed with temptation the moment he sets his foot on shore. But I have had occasion to admire the moral courage of *one*, as he stood alone, with that book which is above all price, which, probably, brought to his remembrance the prayers of his venerable father—the earnest, un-failing love of his pious mother. He reads, and he prays. He looks to Him whose word faileth not. He is comforted, and "Blest in his deed."

I was quite interested, the other day, when I went on board of a ship with a supply of tracts and testaments. I placed them in a convenient position, and said to the seamen, distribute them among yourselves. The distribution was effected in a few moments, and one who had succeeded in securing one book that he wanted, said, as he looked at it with peculiar delight, "I have a testament, I have a testament." Of course this is not the method to give books away, but I was glad it so happened in this instance.

I have not been able to obtain a correct account of the arrivals of vessels in this port, but I feel safe in saying, the commerce of this place is rapidly increasing. This will become a port of more importance than any other on this coast. The moral influence that the commerce of this place will exert on the great world of waters, is far beyond our feeble comprehension. The railroad across this Isthmus will affect the commerce of nearly half of the world. What a field is opening for the enterprising merchant, the philanthropist, and for the world of science and literature, and especially for Missionary enterprise. And how remarkable are the facts of the opening of Japan, and of

China, the rapid settlement of Australia, and of the north Pacific coast of North America. How wonderful is the providence of God! "Thy kingdom come."

Yours truly,

D. H. WHEELER,
Seamen's Chaplain.

Aspinwall, Oct. 24, 1854.

Havre Chaplaincy.

We congratulate seamen and their friends on the reappointment and return of the Rev. E. N. Sawtell to labor as a Chaplain to seamen in his former field in Havre. His last public and important work of founding a first class female seminary at Cleveland, Ohio, is completed, and committed to safe hands for its prosperity and perpetuity. His health is so restored that he is able to preach the gospel again to his brethren of the sea, as well as visit them on shipboard, and in the hospital. His heart too, is in the work. He will sail with his family from New York for his station in a few days. We need not bespeak for him a cordial welcome there; that is already pledged in the many warm hearts and hands ready to receive him, and his. But we ask for him and the other chaplains of the Society fervent and frequent remembrances in the best time and place.

The Murderer of the Missionary Williams.

During a recent voyage of the Eng. Missionary Bark, "John Williams," she touched at Erromanga, where the Rev. John Williams was murdered several years since. Remarks the Missionary, who gives an account of the voyage:—

"One deeply interesting fact came to our knowledge during our visit. Kauiaui, who expressed so strong a desire for a teacher or a missionary,

last voyage, is the identical murderer of Mr. Williams. He is chief of Bunkar, the part of Dillon's Bay where the murder took place. We had a conversation with him on the subject. He looked sorry and ashamed, but said he did not know that Mr. W. was a missionary. When asked why he killed him? he replied, that it was on account of outrages committed by foreigners some time before. Who can wonder at what he did, when it is remembered that, in the affray referred to between the foreigners and Erromangans, *his own son was murdered*. He is still very desirous to have a missionary.—We arranged for one of the teachers left last voyage to remove to his part of the bay, and with this arrangement he is satisfied for the present. We succeeded in getting the club with which, it is said Mr. Williams was killed, and a pocket-handkerchief with Mr. Harris's initials on it, which Kauiaui's wife gave to the teachers."

Account of Monies.

From Oct. 15, to Nov. 15, 1854.

Directors for Life by the payment of fifty dollars.

Theodore B. Bronson, N. Y., by Mrs. Bronson (amt. ack. below.)	
Rev. Thomas V. Moore, D.D., by First Pres. Church, Richmond, Va., through Rev. J. L. Elliott,	64 38
Rev. John Gridley, Kenosha, Wis'n,	50 00
Rev. D. G. Doak, Ashwood, Tenn., by Zion's Church,	52 05
Rev. Mr. Mack, by Pres. Church, Columbia, Tenn.,	50 00
Rev. A. H. Dashiell, by Pres. Church, Shelbyville, Tenn.,	50 00
Rev. R. A. Lapsley, D. D., by 2d Pres. Church, Nashville, Tenn.,	55 00
Rev. J. T. Edgar, by First Pres. Church, Nashville, Tenn.,	94 35

*Members for life by the payment of**Twenty Dollars.*

James Thompson, by Cong. Soc'y. Great Falls, N. H., (balance.)	15 00
Miss Sarah H. Krebs, N. Y., by C. B. Rogers, Norwich, Ct., (amt. ack. below.)	
Miss Anna H. Krebs, do., do., Mrs. Julia P. Wickes, Po- keepsie, N. Y., by her Hus- band, (amt. ack. below.)	
Mrs. Julia B. Spaulding, by Ladies Bethel Soc'y, New- buryport, Ms.,	20 00
Mrs. M. A. Tilton, do., do.,	20 00
Mrs. Sophia Merrill, Portland, Me., by Ladies Bethel Soc'y, Newburyport, Ms.,	20 00
Capt. John M. Chapman, New London, Ct., by L. F. Pren- tice, (amt. ack. below.)	
Henry Barns, Westmoreland, N. Y., by Acors Barns, New London, Ct., (amt. ack. be- low.)	
Captain Thomas W. Royce, Southampton, N. Y., by Henry P. Haven, New Lon- don, Ct., (amt. ack. below.)	
<u>Julia B. Maxwell, Lebanon, Ct., by her Grandfather, (amt. ack. below.)</u>	
Rev. John A. Todd, by Refd. Dutch Church, Riggstown, N. J.,	20 00
J. B. Sheffield, N. Y., (amt. ack. below.)	
Hon. C. J. McCurdy, Lyme, Ct., by R. H. McCu dy, N Y., (amt. ack. below.)	
Mrs. Abby A. Rockwood, by Sabbath School of Cong. Soc'y, Rocky Hill, Ct., (in part.)	10 00
Rev. Wm. Eagleton, by Pres. Church, Murfreesboro, Ten	26 75
Rev. T. W. Randle, by Meth. Epis. Church, do.,	20 00
A. B. Shankland, by Baptist Church, Nashville, Tenn.,	22 85
Rev. I. B. Ferguson, by his Corgn., do.,	20 00
Spencer Gould Scovel, by his Mother, do., (in part.)	10 00
Mrs. I. W. Allen, by Cumber-	

land Pres. Church, Lebanon, Ten.,	22 50
Mrs. Sally Carruthers, do. do.	22 50
Rev. E. Wadsworth, D. D., by McKendree Meth. Epis. Church, Nashville, Ten.,	21 00
Rev. William Hamilton, by Caroline Street Meth. Epis. Church, Baltimore, Md., through Rev. J. L. Elliott,	20 00
Rev. Robert F. Lawrence, by Cong. Soc'y, Claremont, N. H.,	20 15
Miss Isabella G. Kimball, Claremont, by her Mother, (in part.)	10 00
Rev. Rufus W. Sawyer, by Cong. Soc'y, Winthrop, Me.	20 00
Rev. Chas. Munger, by Meth. Epis. Church, Winthrop, Me., (in part.)	8 38

Donations.

From Members of Cong. Soc'y, Main Street, Nor- wich, Ct.,	\$90 16
" First Cong. Soc'y, Colchester, Ct., (in part.)	63 07
" Friends in Goshen, Ct.,	1 80
" Pres. Church, Pokeep- sie, N. Y.,	74 58
" Washington st. Meth. Epis. Church, do.,	10 51
" Penn. Seam. Friend Soc'y, Philadelphia, for For. Operations,	300 00
" Cong. Soc'y, Middle- field, Ct.,	10 00
" " " Somers, Ct.	21 00
" Miss Davidson, Aq- uackanock,	1 00
" Chapel street Cong. Soc'y, New Haven, Ct.,	45 34
" J. E. Manning, N. Y.,	1 00
" Cong. Soc'y, Town- send, Mss.,	33 00
" " " Thet- ford, Vt.,	20 80
" Olive st. Cong. Soc'y, Nashua, N. H.,	25 98
" Mercer street Church, N. Y., including sub- scriptions,	453 36
" First Cong. Soc'y, Fair- field, Ct.,	35 30

" Members of First Cong. Soc'y, New London, Ct.,	54 00
" Members of Second do., do.,	130 00
" Refd. Dutch Ch., Kinderhook, N. Y.,	23 91
" First Cong. Soc'y, Lebanon, Ct.,	53 53
" Ladies Seam. Friend Soc'y, Portsmouth, N. H.,	20 00
" Pres. Ch., East Hawley, Pa.,	5 00
" Howard street Cong. Soc'y, Salem, Ms.,	10 50
" Cong. Soc'y, Lebanon, Goshen, Ct.,	15 00
" A Friend, New Lebanon, N. Y.,	1 00
" First Pres. Ch., Bloomfield, N. J.,	62 00
" Miss Jane H. Faries, Williamsport, Pa.,	1 00
" Cong. Society, Danbury, Ct., (in part),	41 48
" Meth. Epis. Ch., do.,	9 30
" Edw. J. Woolsey, N. Y.,	50 00
" Cong. Soc'y, Plainfield, Ct.,	25 25
" Cong. Soc'y, Kenosha, Wis.,	48 00
" " " Somers, do.,	12 00
" Individuals, Kenosha, Wis.,	20 00
" Meth. Epis. Church, Nashville, Ten.,	3 25
" Meth. Epis. Church, Nashville, Ten.,	9 21
" Mrs. S. E. Shankland, do., do.,	3 00
" Meth. Epis. Church, Lebanon, do.,	9 50
" Seamen's Concert, Winthrop, Me.,	7 58
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	\$2,571 32

NEW YORK, Nov. 11, 1854.

Rev. J. SPAULDING.

Dear Brother,—As it becomes necessary for me to return to Mobile to resume my charge for the winter, I shall suspend for a few months my collections for the erection of a Bethel Church and Sailor's Home in that city. Please acknowledge in the

Sailor's Magazine the following donations which were made principally in October, and also receive for us and acknowledge any further donations for this object from the friends of the cause, and oblige,

Yours, &c.,

ALEX. MCGLASHAM.

W. P. Church, collection, \$3 10
Rochester, 31 00

New York City.

Alexander Stoddart,	\$100 00
Thomas Porteous,	100 00
Gerard Hallock,	25 00
J. R. Jaffray & Sons,	25 00
Brewer & Caldwell,	50 00
John Reid,	100 00
Eagle & Hazard & Co.,	25 00
Post & Ryerson,	25 00
H. Auchincloss & Sons,	20 00
Blow & March,	20 00
Arnold & Constable,	25 00
S. Cochran & Co.,	25 00
Rankin, Duryee & Co.,	25 00
Harbeck & Co.,	50 00
Henry, Smith, & Townsend,	20 00
W. N. & Co.,	10 00
P. C. Van Schaick & Co.,	15 00
Cash,	1 00
Lane, West & Co.,	25 00
Sturges, Clearman & Co.,	100 00
Pattison, Adams & Co.,	15 00
J. W. Brower,	20 00
Mrs. Bronson,	5 00
Lewis B. Brown & Co.,	10 00
James L.,	10 00
Cash,	10 00
J. J. P.,	10 00
Atlantic M. Ins. Co.,	100 00
Merchant's Marine Ins. Co.,	100 00
James Brown,	100 00
C. Dellinger,	25 00
Corning & Co.,	25 00
Union M. Ins. Co.,	25 00
Commercial M. Ins. Co.,	25 00
Astor M. Ins. Co.,	25 00
R. P. B. & Co.,	10 00
Wakeman, Dimon & Co.,	20 00
Cash,	5 00
Atlas M. Ins. Co.,	25 00
Orient M. Ins. Co.,	25 00
Hopkins, Allen & Co.,	50 00
Sun M. Ins. Co.,	100 00
James Wilson,	10 00

\$1,570 10